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which is inscribed in golden letters the motto "Business is Business"!

There are two kinds of morality—not adequately distinguished by any English terms. One is the goodness that arises from enlightenment and from the perception of all-around beneficial results; the other is the virtue of pure self-sacrifice, loyalty to an ideal that cannot be fully understood, the religious spirit that does not expect to "get anything out of religion." The first is intellectual; the second is intuitional. The first is reliable and progressive; the second is spasmodic and revolutionary. The first makes prosperous peoples and contented citizens; the second makes inspired peoples—hats off to Belgium!—and reformers.

In practise the two kinds of morality blend and interact. Both are probably functions of the same moral process. The religious ideal, then, is by no means to be lost sight of, and the modern business ideal is by no means to be despised.

Just what the ideals of modern business are—the mixed motives that they include, the business acumen and social fervor that they express, the improvements that they work into—is explained and illustrated by Ida Tarbell in her book *New Ideals in Business*. This is one of the few books of joyful information that are available to the reader today. It is thoroughly informing; it reveals not only details of management, but also the personal reactions of employers and employes. Improvement in workshops and surroundings, safety for the workers, health for every man, sobriety, good homes, shorter hours and better work, sufficient wages, experiments in justice, scientific management—these are some of the topics that Miss Tarbell treats with fullness and accuracy and with much of the lively optimism that is based on facts and figures. The movement for the employment of higher ideals in business is bigger than the average man realizes, and Miss Tarbell's book is a book to read.

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THE DUEL. By ANTON CHEKHOV. Translated by Constance Garnett. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1916.

Some persons are complete realists from birth; others are by natural constitution romantic to their finger tips. These latter, while they may recognize the rightness of realism, cannot away with it. Truth, they feel, has its indisputable claims, even if it be unpleasant or unhappy truth; but the exposition of unpleasant or indifferent facts about life affects them disagreeably, just as religious persons may be disagreeably affected by psychological demonstrations of the mechanism of the brain. This is perfectly natural. But any one who is inclined to reject realism *in toto* may be strongly advised to read *The Duel* by Anton Chekhov, before allowing his opinion to solidify. This story, admirably rendered into English by Constance Garnett, will possibly convert him.

For the fact should not be forgotten that realism is not simply any kind of truth recorded in any manner and with any purpose. Some realism is a mere accumulation of details; it appears to require no very high type of mentality but only a vivid imagination that is easily stimulated by concrete facts. Another kind of realism is dominated by a single concept of life. It selects scene and atmosphere and detail apparently with the single view of combatting optimism; it uses the long arm of circumstance to bring to pass tragic or futile consummations as freely as romance employs the same agent to effect "happy endings." This no doubt is very well, in its way; yet realism cannot truly be understood if it is regarded simply as the inverse of romance. A catholic taste should not be hampered by the supposition that romance necessarily expresses one philosophy and realism another. In performing its function of organizing ideals of happiness and representing them through the methods of selection and intensification, romance should not misrepresent the truth; and in representing bare truth through a somewhat different use of the same methods, realism should not indulge in special pleading nor by ignoring romantic truths, implicitly deny them.

Story-writing in Chekhov's hands is a science, but a truly human science—a science that takes account of men's most delicate emotions, of their most mysterious impulses, but that philosophizes not at all. Like psychology, it reveals realities of mental mechanism and of the heart and soul. It compels the reader to see himself as mazed in flesh and spirit. Like William James, it makes one aware of the insufficiency of purely mechanistic views and of purely idealistic views. At the same time and by the same means it develops and guides one's love of humanity. Without mawkishness it intensifies one's sense of fellowship with "the damned human race."

*The Duel*, the story of a weakling whom a strong and normal man feels justified in slaying—though in the end the weakling is permitted to live,—is a wonderful study in the conflict between good and evil, and in the struggle between the merciless ethics of science and the merciful ethics of Christianity. The persons who take part in the struggle are all blind and all well-meaning—in short, they are human. The story, like a thrilling personal experience, is something to ponder for a lifetime.

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BLACKFEET TALES OF GLACIER NATIONAL PARK. By JAMES WILLARD SHULTZ. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1916.

The romance of the red Indian has in recent times undergone a certain change. Most of us have been familiar since childhood with the "Cooper Indians" as Mark Twain scornfully called them, and with the Hiawatha Indians. The stock figure of the noble red man